

November 27
1931

Life



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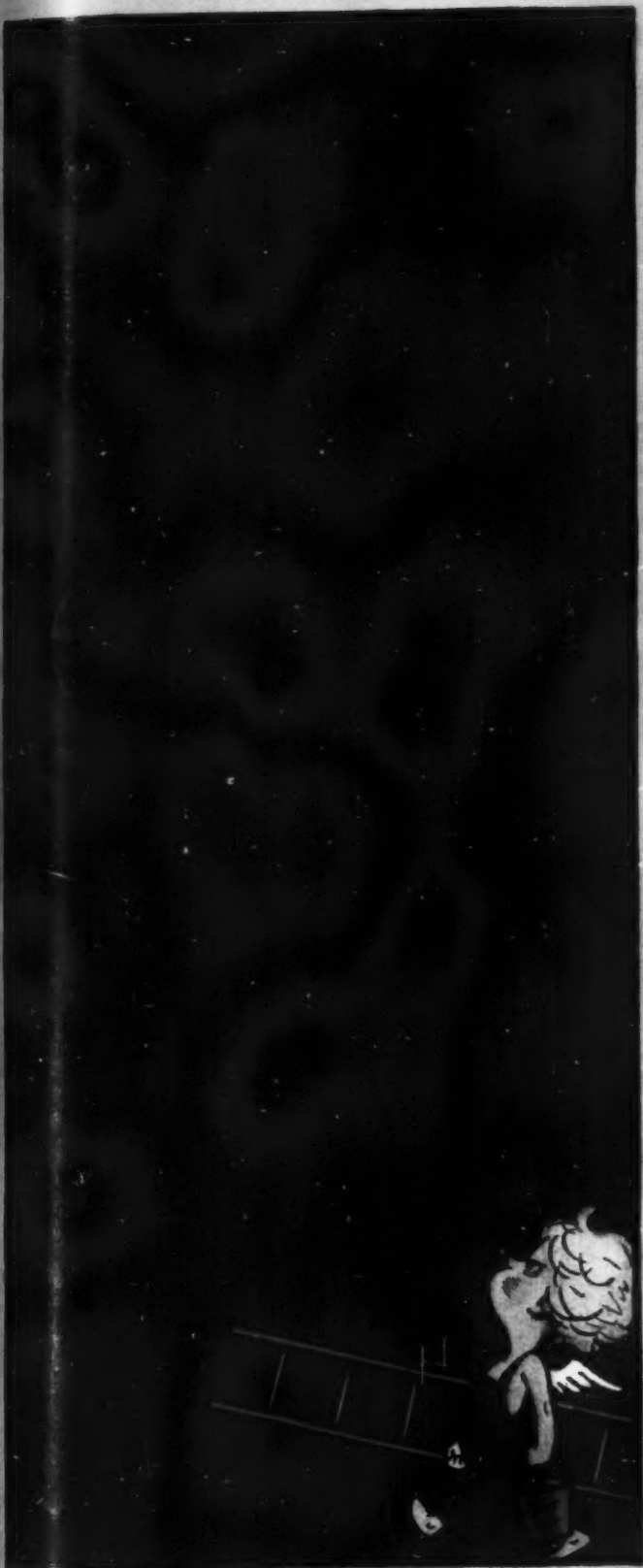
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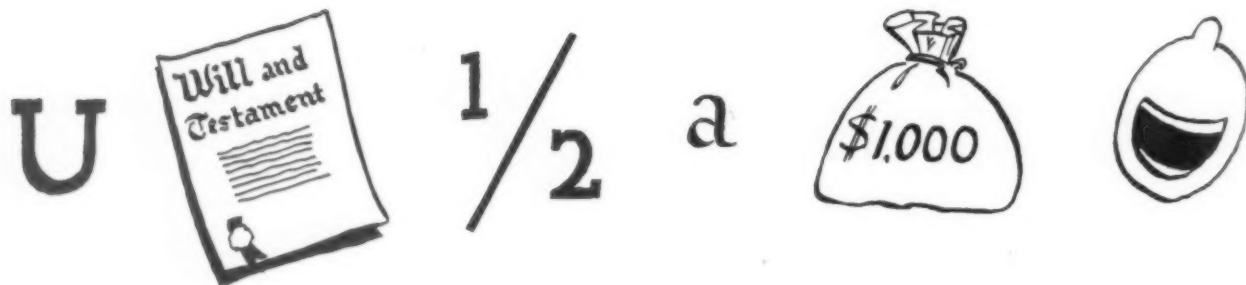
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which in plain English means

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Besides the amusement of working out these three Rebus Puzzles, you may win \$10 in cash. Read the conditions of Life's Contest, and learn how. If you missed the first Puzzle last week, let us mail it to you on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

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Life

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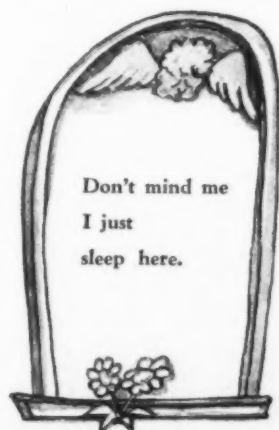
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Keep his head up

*and we'll all
come through!*



You recognize this man. He lives in your own town, not far from you . . .

Though faced with unemployment, he is combating adversity with courage. He has retreated step by step, but fighting. He has spread his slender resources as far as they will go.

This winter he and his family will need your help.

There are many other heads of families much like him in the United States. This winter all of them will need the help of their more fortunate neighbors. This is an emergency. It is temporary. But it exists. It must be met with the hopefulness and resource typical of American conduct in emergencies.

Be ready! Right now in every city, town and village, funds are being gathered for local needs—through the established welfare and relief agencies, the Community Chest, or special Emergency Unemployment Committees . . .

The usual few dollars which we regularly give will this year not be enough. Those of us whose earnings have not been cut off can and must double, triple, quadruple our contributions.

By doing so we shall be doing the best possible service to ourselves. All that America needs right now is courage. We have the resources. We have the man power. We have the opportunity for world leadership.

Let's set an example to all the world. Let's lay the foundation for better days that are sure to come.

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR

Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

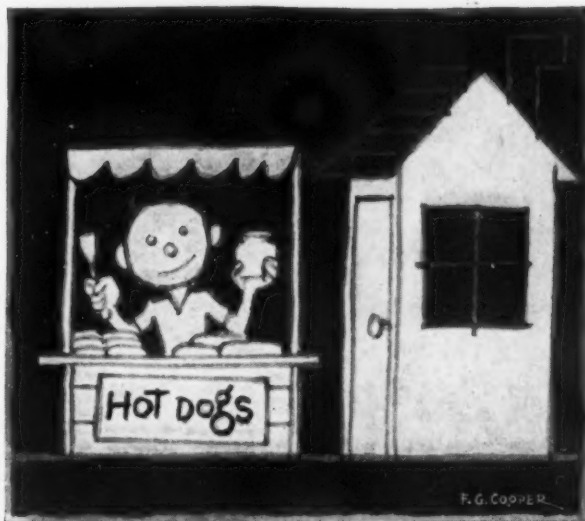
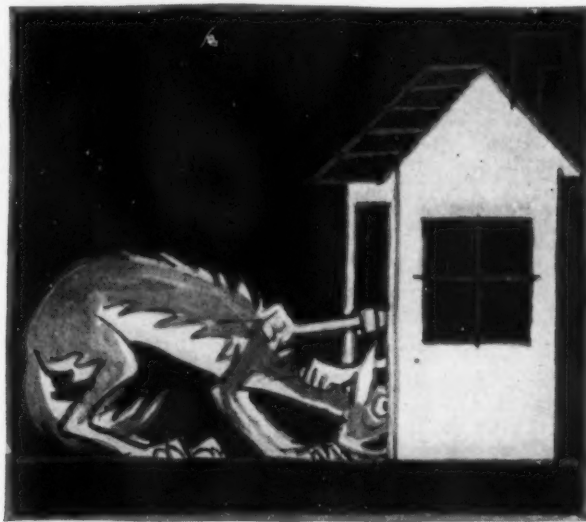
Owen D. Young

OWEN D. YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

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Life



What To Do With The Wolf At The Door.

At one stage in his career, according to a writer, Herbert Hoover wanted to become a Democrat. We fear it is almost too late now.

The depression is now over, says Arthur Brisbane. What? Again?

A Communist paper has discovered a washerwoman who writes revolutionary verse. And now all they've got to do is discover a revolutionary verse writer who washes.

In Maryland, says a newspaper item, it is illegal for a woman to go through her husband's pockets at night. In most states, however, it's merely a waste of time.

A Kansas City schoolboy has married his teacher, aged forty-five. He'll learn.

Pretty soon now the great minds of Congress will be looking around for something to tax. They might start with those selfsame minds.

Recent election returns from all over the country indicate that a lot of Republican office-holders have discovered that we've been having a depression.

The Chinese front failed to hold under the recent attack of the Japs, we hear. Lack of starch, probably.

H. G. Wells has come to the United States to investigate the economic situation. There is enough of it for all.

A BIRD *in the* HAND Gathers no MOSS . . .

BY
SAM HELLMAN

"WHAT system do you play?" asks Phil Delaney, who's come over with his pain in the pocket for an evening of what we laughingly call bridge.

"The Goofnaw," I tells him.

"Goofnaw?" frowns Alice Delaney, who was born ex-brains.

"Yeah," says I. "Certainly you've heard of Eliphalet Goofnaw. No? Well, for eight years straight Goofnaw won the Hackensack open and only last year carried off the cup offered by the Jersey Geranium Growers Association for a slam bid without a picture in your hand."

"How," demands Madame Delaney, "could he make a slam without a face card in—"

"Did I say he made it?" I interrupts.

"Pardon me and mine," chimes in Phil, at this point. "Does this go on for very long?"

"Not very," I assures him, "but I've got to explain the Goofnaw system to Alice. Otherwise my bidding and practically everything else will remain a mystery to her. The Goofnaw system," I goes on, "combines the best features of the Culbertson and Lenz effects and includes, what is known to the fewer but better bridgers, as the Bulgarian diamond threat, the Danzig double for a purpose and the Siamese spade squeeze. It works best when you have eleven sure tricks—"

"I should imagine," cuts in Alice, "that with eleven sure tricks you wouldn't need a system."

"True," says I, "but you'd be surprised how seldom you get eleven

sure tricks in these latitudes. However, the Goofnaw system makes provision for hands of lesser strength. For instance, if I have a heart—"

"If you had," snorts Delaney, "you'd cut this nonsense out and start the game. This palaver of yours is practically taking the milk out of my babies' mouths."

"Oh, yeah?" I comes back. "How much do you think you're going to win tonight?"

"I don't know exactly," he returns, "but I told 'em at the bank this afternoon that I was going to play with you and they loaned me twenty-eight dollars."



"Cut this nonsense out," snorts Delaney, "and start the game."



"I once saw a man nearly drown," retails Mrs. Delaney.

"What this country needs," offers the wife, "is less badinage and more bridge. Cut for deal."

"Talking about deals," remarks Senora Delaney, "did you know that Mazie Updike has bought a summer home at Deal Beach?"

"No!" exclaims the missus. "Didn't Dan Updike go into bankruptcy last month?"

"He did," says Phil, "and it was about as crooked a dive as anybody ever took. There ought to be a law—"

"Horse feathers!" I contributes. "There are too many laws now. Only the other day I was reading that in Arkansas alone—"

"I have a cousin in Arkansas," recalls Alice. "She went to Hot Springs for her rheumatism—"

"Sure it was hers?" I asks.

"I see," observes Delaney, "they've got a new cure for rheumatism. A Doctor Klotz—"

"Probably isn't worth a hoop-la," I interrupts. "When it comes to doctors I'm an atheist."

"Looks like everybody's becoming an atheist," says my Flora. "In the paper this morning there's an article by Bishop Joyce—"

"Wonder what's happened to Peggy Joyce?" interjects Alice. "I never run across her name any more."

"Probably in Europe," I tells her, "putting on or taking off a husband."

"Jane Crosby came back from Europe yesterday," says the wife. "According to her conditions over there are terrible."

"They're nothing to parade the troops for over here," remarks Phil, "but everything's going to be jake in the spring."

"I wish spring were here now," chimes in Frau Delaney. "Don't you just love the trees when the buds are breaking out?"

"I see where Mary Brace's boy has broken out with the measles," puts in the missus. "They've had lots of bad luck. Brace is in the silk business and you—"

"JAPAN," observes Delaney, "must've been hit hard by these substitutes they're using nowadays."

"Not so very hard," says I. "They're building a lot of cruisers and the first thing you know they'll be grabbing the Philippines."

"They can have 'em for all of me," comes back Phil. "Letting them send sugar in free is hurting the whole—"

"It isn't quite free," volunteers Alice, "though it is pretty cheap. Even eggs are down to—"

"They'll be lower yet," cuts in Delaney. "I was reading in a magazine where China is—"

"Did you see my new set?" asks Alice at this juncture.

(Continued on page 30)

Lines to a Lady

(after Reading an Issue of Vogue)

My Lady wears a kasha gown by Worth
That clings to gracile scanties by Tubize;
Her silken hose, by Gordon, hint at knees,
And Vici sandals lightly tap the earth.
L'Odeur Piver, it was, evoked the birth
Of my mad passion, and my heart found ease
In coral cheeks which Primrose House decrees,
And Pepsodental smiles of radiant mirth.

Her tresses know the touch of Maitre Emile,
And Eclador has tinged her finger tips;
Kissproof the carmine of her lovely lips
Where Coty's magic makes my senses reel.
But hold, enough! She's mine, and I, her thrall,
Rejoice . . . but O, the upkeep of it all!

—Jesse Thompson.



"Roses 'round the door . . . a little garden gate . . . hollyhocks . . ."

Always Belittlin'

Robert L. Ripley mentions the case of a man who has kept the same umbrella for fifty years. We can't help wondering who it belongs to.

Meet the Wife

A primitive tribe in Korea is said to marry by merely shaking hands. The dangers of exploration can hardly be exaggerated.

Singing the Blues

A naturalist states that many birds sing long after mating. Wonder if this applies to Rudy Vallee.

Competition

Beaten over the head, shot five times and with numerous knife wounds, a victim of New Jersey gangsters escaped and ran several blocks to the police station. Legs Diamond must look to his laurels.

Unjust Desserts

Now is the time for an automatic refrigerator concern to produce a booklet of dessert recipes under the title: "FROZEN ASSETS."



"Pardon me again, lady—I forgot to say 'excuse me.'"



SINBAD.
Program coming in fine!



"Stop your cryin' an' I'll give you this nickel."



"Now give me the nickel back."

SONNY AND PATRICIA.

How to Run a Business

In 1929

DECIDE that now is the time to expand. Appoint six new vice-presidents, establish thirty branch sales offices, each complete with sales manager and assistants, and hire a few assistants and assistants to assistants for yourself. Raise your prices. Double your manufacturing capacity and set the wheels to humming. Have sales conventions at frequent intervals and pep everyone up to the point where he will beat his quota or die trying.

Become infected with the speculative fever and start dabbling in stocks. Find that there is money in buying stocks at 145 and selling them at 231. Decide that Nature intended you for a big-time plunger and that your business is too piking to require your vast talents. Let the boys at the office run your business while you spend your "working" hours watching the ticker tape. Bend all your energies toward buying stocks at 268 or thereabouts and hold them in an iron grasp. Tell reporters that an era of unprecedented prosperity is upon us.

Become acquainted with a banker who wants to underwrite a split-up of your company's stock. Feel very good about getting ten new shares for each old one. Have your new stock listed and speculate heavily in it.

Realize that you might as well have a good time while you are living. Devote most of your daylight hours to golf. Conduct your trading activities from the clubhouse and almost forget the address of your own company. Agree with your cronies that there is no limit to stock prices, and pyramid to the limit as your paper profits grow. Get a great kick out of being a millionaire. Decide to be a multi-millionaire.

In 1931

DECIDE that now is the time to retrench. Discharge all but one of your vice-presidents and close your branch sales offices. Let out all of your assistants, and cut the clerical force to the bone. Reduce your prices. Shut down your manufacturing facilities, laying off all the workmen. Decide that sales cannot be made, and get rid of nearly

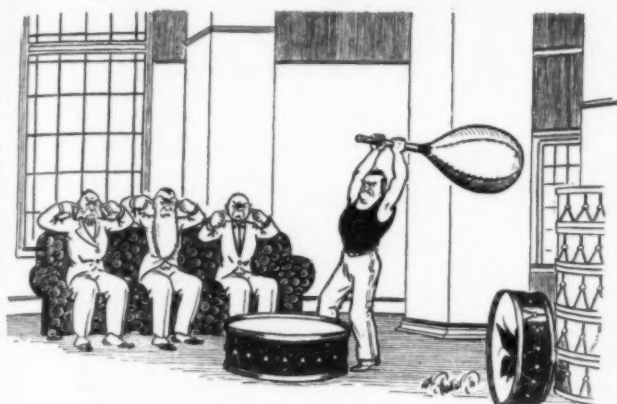
all your salesmen and the entire advertising department. Reduce the salaries of the few men remaining.

Be unable to free yourself entirely from the speculative fever, and spend a couple of hours each day in your broker's office. Once or twice a month, decide that the bottom has been reached and start to buy stocks. Find out that it was only a false bottom.

Discontinue dividends on your own stock, maintaining your surplus intact. Explain that it must be protected so that it will be available in time of emergency. Call your department heads together at frequent intervals to discuss ways and means of cutting expenses further. Decide that you can get along without your sales manager, and cut salaries some more.

Decide that you might as well be playing golf as sitting around the office. Spend most of your time in the locker room bawling the low ebb of business. Conclude that there will be no relief for at least two years. Wonder what the world is coming to.

—John C. Emery.



Testing the finished product in a bass drum factory



The subway guard walks in his sleep



"I can take it or leave it alone."

Ralph Lane



Husband (3 A. M.): Lucky I went as a knight!

A beauty article says that the secret of good looks is to stand as much as possible. Well aren't we?

Mary Garden kissed a Senator who had a new highway named for her. This should teach him a lesson.

A farmer living near Des Moines recently had his first shave in 37 years. Eventually curiosity overcomes us all.

"There is little disorder now in our crowded prisons," says an official. We understand prisoners who break the rules are threatened with paroles.



"What'll you charge to fix it?"

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

YOUR problem amused me almost as much as your sister Gracie's request for permission to leave school for a week-end in Annapolis. She said she wanted to study the old doorways.

You will recall the day you came to my office with Pauline and asked me to go with you to the City Hall to get married. I asked you to wait while I finished the letter I was dictating but you said you didn't believe in long engagements and accused me of being old-fashioned and not knowing anything about women.

Well, when you write that Pauline wants to refurnish the living room in spite of your having lost your job it simply proves that you are the one who doesn't know anything about women. Certainly she wants to buy some chairs. She wouldn't be a woman if she didn't want to buy

some chairs. The fact that she wants to buy them now indicates that she is normal. Your mother always refurnished the house during panics, and although we don't have panics anymore the instinct is the same.

You ought to be glad all she wants is three or four chairs and a sofa. When she was here the last time she had a look in her eyes that made me suspect that she was a remodeller.

Anyhow, she is no more particular about her furniture than you are about your self-respect. You say your self-respect wouldn't permit you to stay with the steel company and stand the cut. It would be nice if you could meet the Mikado. You feel the same way about your self-respect as he does about Manchuria.

In time you will learn to take a refurnishing philosophically, like the unemployed take a charity football game.

I wish I could make you see that these are really thrilling times; just like the war, only instead of Four-Minute Speakers we have radio announcers. It seems only yesterday that your mother was knitting socks for soldiers and making up comfort kits to send to the front. Now she is making Christmas parcels of food for the airmen to drop down on the students of Dartmouth and Bowdoin who can't afford to mush home for the holidays.

You ask me what I think about the big banking pool. Your mother's comment is as good as any. She said Mrs. Hoover must have picked up the forcing system at her bridge club and hurried home to tell her husband about it.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



"We'll meet them on their own ground. We'll feature a mint with a bigger hole than any of our competitors!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

..by Baird LEONARD



NOVEMBER 5.—Awake early, and for the first time in my own house and town since many weeks, so up and off to the shops in the financial spirit of the sailor ashore after a long voyage, forasmuch as inside of one hour I had purchased two hats, a silk frock, and two coats, one a town model of black cloth and Persian lamb, the other a surtout of brown spongy woolen with huge beaver collar and cuffs and lined with a fur which I do optimistically hope will pass for the leopard which it resembles but which I do secretly suspect of being adroitly glorified cowhide. Home to a late luncheon of cold beefsteak and a grapefruit salad dressed with oil and Creole wine sauce, which I do thank God is again on the market after an absence of several years, and in glancing through the journals I was surprised to come upon an open letter wrote to me in *The American* by Agnes Smith, and questioning the sincerity of my recent declaration that I do long to live in the country. Aggie, albeit hailing me now as the apotheosis of urbanity, does prophesy that two months' rural residence would turn me into a pioneer woman who could not behold a row of tomato vines without mentally translating them to chili sauce, a state which she thinks I should not long abide, so mayhap she has overheard my sanction of Dr. Johnson's pronouncement that when one is tired of London, one is tired of life, and does suspect that birds and bees would not prove a satisfactory escape from fear of traffic conditions and boredom with most of what is currently advertised as entertainment. Tea at Effie Goings', finding there a group of cronies, some of them busy over their needlepoint, and I did marvel to hear of a woman who had worked scenes from her pet Aesopian

fable into the backs of twelve dining-room chairs, forasmuch as I have not yet travelled six inches from the central flower of the modest pattern on which I have been engaged for six months, albeit I must confess that most of my effort on it was put in during the first forty-eight hours after its purchase. But I was not much taken with some of the antiquing methods which were advocated, having no mind to submit to brook slime and hot ashes the stitches which I have made with such pains, and, if a sponge bath of camomile tea do not relegate the colors in my tapestry to the Middle Ages, it can go on the seat of my desk chair looking as though it had just arrived C.O.D. from Paterson, N. J., albeit

the mere passage of time between its commencement and completion will, in Sam's opinion, age it sufficiently.

NOVEMBER 6.—Breakfast betimes and at my accounts, finding a mighty discrepancy between my own balance and that of the bank, which, forasmuch as it was to my advantage, I did no more attempt to straighten out than I should have looked a gift horse in the mouth. Mary Searles to see me, a spinster who is eternally preoccupied with the pros and cons of matrimony, even when there is not so much as a box of gardenias or a telephone call within sight or sound, and this time she did ask me what type of man I should consider a suitable mate for her, so I responded, "A retired pirate", deeming such a man in these times to be a suitable spouse for anybody. Moreover, Mary did obtain a contribution from me for a family of her acquaintance which is in need, and when she did inquire if there were any special uses to which I should like them to put the money, I did tell her to enjoin them to spend it for dancing lessons, cabinet photographs, and cinema tickets, having learned through experience that such sweet uses are often the first which those in adversity make of philanthropy, and not giving the celebrated continental whether my modest cheques are cashed for hominy or hyacinths.



"If it's vitamins you want, Lady, I got 'em!"



"Garçon!"

Signs of Progress The World Over.

1. The jinrikshas of China and Japan are now imported and have steel frames, ball bearing wheels, rubber tires and one man tops.

2. The First State Bank of Fox River Grove, Illinois, installed a steel door with buzzer and peephole, and all visitors are scrutinized before entry.

3. Signor Marinetti opened a "futurist restaurant" in Turin, Italy, where eating is accompanied by perfume-spraying and appropriate music for each course.

4. The police of Pasadena, California, installed acrobatic safety nets under the Colorado Street bridge for the convenience of persons attempting suicide.

5. A farmer in Portland, Oregon, installed loud speaker attachments in the scarecrows in his fields.

6. The National Penitentiary of Cuba has instituted compulsory night school attendance for the convicts.

7. Underwriters are issuing policies to New York business men specifically to cover racketeer depredations.

8. The Ambassador Hotel of Los Angeles and Hotel Sherman of Chicago arranged to furnish "gigolo service" to lonely women guests.

9. The Ice Manufacturers Association of Austin, Texas, is putting on a correspondence course for icemen to train them to greater efficiency.

10. Divorces, formerly unheard of in China, are now being granted in Shanghai alone at the rate of one thousand a year.

—W. E. Farbstein.

GREAT DRAMAS in SPORT . . . by **Jack Kotoed**

MARY K. BROWNE stood on the eighteenth tee of the Rhode Island Country Club, with the narrow fairway, like a band of green velvet, stretched between the club-house and the glittering blue water. . . . Glenna Collett had driven. . . . You could see her ball white-spotted against the grass two hundred-and-twenty yards away.

Mary admitted to herself that she was in a tough spot. . . . One down and one to go . . . and Glenna off flying on the last hole. She gripped the driver . . . wagged it without changing expression . . . but she was thinking more about what might happen than about the shot itself . . . and her ball soared off to the right in a sharp slice.

The gallery uttered a sympathetic "T-ssh", and straggled off behind the contestants.

"Well," Mary Browne said to herself, "it's just about over now" . . . and when she reached her caddie, and found the line to the green was obstructed by a wide-spreading tree, gamester that she was she had to draw a long breath and shake her head.

Glenna stood waiting in the fairway, with nothing left but a crisply hit mashie shot . . . and a victory that would advance her to the final round of the Women's National amateur golf championship.

Mary looked at her ball, and looked at the tree, and cast a glance at the trap guarded green two hundred yards away. At times like this one doesn't think very much. . . . One is

guided by instinct and hope. . . . Miss Browne was conscious that she simply couldn't get home with anything short of a wood shot . . . and it would have to be played with a cut to get by the tree.

When great crises occur in sport it is

the custom of reporters to attempt analyses of the competitor's heart and courage. They dilate, like as not on determination, inspiration or whatnot. As a matter of fact, Mary K. Browne, who is a courageous fighter, did not give much thought to a breath-taking rally. . . . She admitted to herself that her chances were sufficiently remote . . . and that even if she did it wasn't likely that she would get more than a half, and would lose the match, anyway.

The sun felt warm on her tanned cheeks. . . . She didn't like to lose any more than any one else, but if she had to. . . . Well, the hard matches before milling galleries would be over. . . . She swung her spoon tentatively. . . . She knew Glenna Collett was watching. . . . Might as well give the girl something to shoot at!

MARY took her stance . . . her little feet shifting for a better grip. . . . Back went the club-head slowly. . . . There was a smooth flow of power in her compact body. . . . The hips shifted easily. . . . Her head was down. . . . She lashed into the ball as



The ball shot up . . . a white, winging spot against the blue of the sky . . . clearing the tree . . . soaring on . . .

though she held it a personal grudge.

It shot up . . . a white, winging spot against the blue of the sky . . . clearing the tree . . . soaring on . . . and on. It came to earth just short of the green . . . and rolled to within six feet

of the pin. There was a tremendous burst of applause from the gallery.

Mary Browne smiled. She hadn't expected such a result, you may be sure, though the sweet, sure click of the club-head against the ball had been proof enough that she had made a good shot.

But what effect would this have on Glenna Collett? After all, that was what counted now. If Glenna could lay one stiff or get a half in some way or other that great shot would be wasted. . . . What would

happen now?

Miss Collett took her stance quite as carefully as Miss Browne had done. Her position was really the more difficult of the two . . . for a moment ago victory was a hundred-to-one shot. . . . Now it trembled in the balance. . . . She had to make the shot right.

To all outward appearances Glenna had no nerves. She gave the impression of cold self-control. . . . But she was shaken. Mary Browne, a competitive veteran, read that in her rival's eyes.

Glenna set herself . . . but as the head of her mashie came down her own head jerked up. . . . The ball scuttled a few feet along the turf. . . . For once in her life her face was full of fury. She had thrown away an almost certain victory.

MISS Collett reached the green with her next shot, but it was too late. . . . The match was squared. . . . Experienced campaigner that she was, she was on the defensive . . . nerves tight. The tenseness had gone from Mary Browne. She could smile easily now.

They went on to the extra hole . . . and under the circumstances it was natural to expect Glenna to lose. . . . When Fate turns up an incident like that it's merely a warning of what will happen. . . . One couldn't expect anything else, really.

It all simmered down to a short putt from behind a half stymie . . . and Miss Collett putted off line, and tipped Mary's ball into the cup . . . and so lost her chance at another championship.

Anyway, that shot of Miss Browne's was one of the greatest I've ever seen in golf.

*"When I heave,
lady—you pull!"*



*"Yes'm—we thought maybe
you could use it
for somethin'."*



"And she's going to marry this guy and live in the sticks—can you beat it!"

LIFE LOOKS ABOUT

War, Maybe; But Prices Rise

SILVER is rising, so is wheat; so at this moment of writing are stocks. Various people say business is better and it really does seem so, but the question is—is it really the dawn of improvement or merely a gleam between the clouds?

China and Japan seem to be having a war, with the possibility of Russia getting into it. The League of Nations tries to prevent it, so does our State Department and the White House at Washington. But with China and Japan, let alone Russia, interference isn't simple. Those are big countries and neither China nor Japan is much under control of its own government. Real war may come there as a result of Chinese incoherence. No voice speaks for all of China. No statesman or general acts for all of China.

Perhaps it is this possibility of war that has started wheat and silver, though there are other explanations of those rises. The immediate effect of war is to stimulate business because of big expenditures for war material and food. So stocks seem more inclined to rise than to fall on the Oriental war news. All the same war means horrible waste and there has been enough of that in this world to last some time.

Intelligent Power Needed

IT is more and more evident that this world would be all right if the people in it were not so stupid. Take Europe, Europe is a highly educated area; lots of people there have been to school; but it needs a thorough job of medication including some surgery. It is very scrappy and all that keeps it from bursting out into war is that its last experience is still too recent.

France is afraid that Germany will

grow too big and overshadow her.

Poland is afraid it will lose the Corridor and Germany is afraid it won't. Fascists are rising in Germany. Fascism in Italy seems to be growing more conservative; looking ahead more towards permanence.

Mr. Hoover and Mr. Stimson are getting plenty of instruction. It will be recalled that when Mr. Hoover was elected there was some rejoicing because we had at last in the White House a man who understood Europe, but that advantage was not so apparent after he took hold of the job. What he knew about Europe did not help him much in the middle months of 1929, and after the Great Collapse he and the other eminent Republican forecasters were occupied in emitting cries of reassurance. So it went on for more than a year, but now the administration seems to feel that Europe has come to be really important and that some of her problems must be cleaned up before business will be really good again even here.

If Europe had an autocrat who really understood his business and had the power to have things done, her problems might be cleaned up promptly. If any government shows intelligence beyond the capacity of its electorate to understand, that government is apt to go out of office. That applies to France and Germany, less to Italy, and perhaps with a coalition cabinet Great Britain has escaped it. But in this country, with Congress about to sit, it begins again.

Back of one great truth now seeking admission to the American mind is that great creditor nations must be paid in goods produced by debtors and cannot have a tariff high enough to keep such goods out.



Prohibitionism

DISCUSSION of the prohibition of fluid intoxicants leads naturally to consideration of other prohibitions and of how far the prohibitory principle is of value. Towner, the Historian of Civilization, says prohibition usually does more harm than good; that that is the case with rum and also with narcotics.

The effects of narcotics are represented to be very bad, particularly of some of the newer concoctions which raise even more hob than opium or laudanum. In old times, twenty years ago more or less, you could go to a drug store, buy a bottle of laudanum, take it home, put it in the medicine closet, and no questions asked. Then there came along the Harrison anti-narcotic act which forbade the sale of narcotics except in response to a doctor's certificate. Now the newspapers report Dr. Benjamin Karpman, of S. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, as declaring that this Harrison anti-narcotic act is more vicious in its effects than the 18th Amendment, the Volstead and Jones acts.

Very likely! Samuel Hopkins Adams wrote a piece on this subject a number of years ago which one recalls as being in the general direction of what Dr. Karpman says. Drug addicts will use any means to get the drugs they want. There is always a market, for the profits of unlawful drug sales are enormous, and, of course, the bootleggers in drugs do what they can to keep the habit alive.

Prohibitionists profess to have studied drugs just as they profess to have studied alcohol. Time now that somebody studied the prohibitory mind with a view to determine whether it should continue to go loose in the world.

—E. S. Martin.



THE CONVALESCENT.

SO YOU THINK YOU

CAN READ, DO YOU?

Well, the simple little puzzle which you see to the right is the second of a series of three (the third will appear in the next issue of *LIFE*) and if you can get an absolutely correct solution to them all—and that means word for word—

LIFE WILL PAY YOU \$10

This is not a contest. You are your own and only competitor. All you have to be is right. Looks easy, doesn't it? A couple of rules are necessary, of course, just to keep everything clear and orderly—

THE RULES

1. To solve the puzzle, simply translate the pictures into words, reading from left to right, and keep in their given position the words and letters that are already supplied. Here and there you will find a word spelled out that requires translation, but you should spot those without trouble.

2. Then **KEEP YOUR SOLUTION**. Remember, there is one more puzzle still coming. Only the complete set of three will be eligible for the award. *So don't send them in separately!*

3. It is not necessary to buy a copy of *LIFE* if you want to join in the fun. Your library, your dentist, your club (beg pardon)—*LIFE* is everywhere and you should have no trouble in finding a copy. . . . The ruled space at the bottom of the page is for your convenience if you care to use it in writing out your solution.

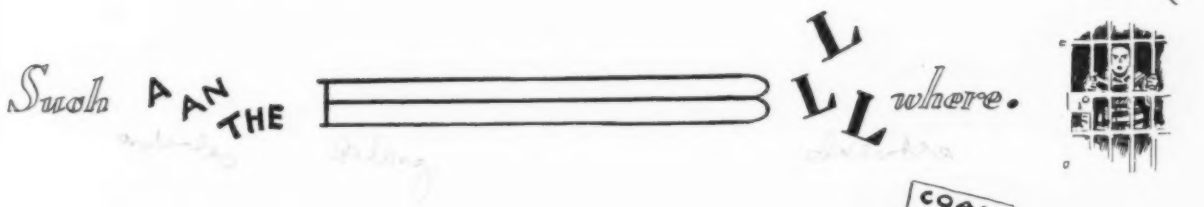
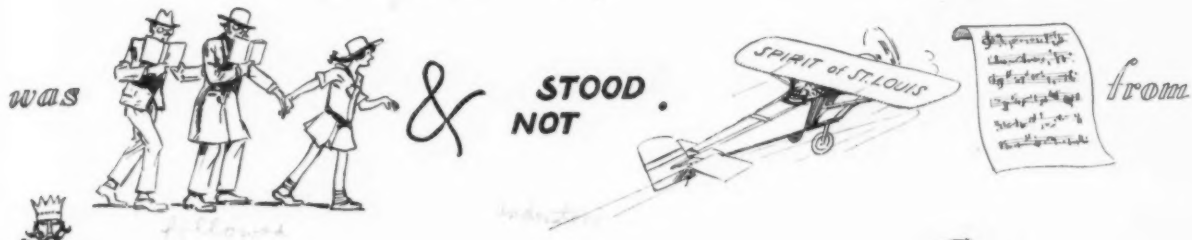
4. We're sorry, but each individual can be allowed to enter only one set of solutions. If you are 100% right you will be paid \$10 in cash. All solutions must be in our hands on or before Jan. 10, 1932. Address: Rebus Editor, *LIFE*, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

5. If you have not seen the first puzzle of this series, you will find it in the November 20th issue of *LIFE*. If no copy is available, write to the address given in the preceding paragraph, enclose ten cents in stamps and a copy will be mailed at once.

6. Don't forget that Puzzle 3—the last one—appears in the next issue of *LIFE*—out December 4.



"... can he croon! Mrs. Grauskauer, you haven't lived!"



Cloudy, With Showers

MRS. "Spike" Guffits was going away for a few days. Her bags were packed and as she waited for the taxi that was to convey her to the station, she talked emphatically to her husband.

"Listen!" she was saying. "Lone wolf jobs are O.K. in the movies, but in real life they don't come out so well! You know what happened to 'Thug' Mac-Smack, dontcha?"

"Dat mug *shoulda* been bumped off!" growled her husband. "A t'ree year old kid could hold up dis place, tonight; I'm goin' alone!"

"Yeah?" his wife sneered. "You'd better take your mob witcha if ya wanna stay healthy! They won't like this solo stuff!"

"I know what I'm doin'!" Spike growled. "I goes it alone—!"

Mrs. Guffits dropped her hard tone. She sat on her hubby's knees and threw her arms around him.

"Aw, gee, Spike!" she coaxed. "If you love me, don't run any risks! Take your gang on this hold-up, won'tcha? Please?"

"Oh, awright!" Spike softened. "O.K. baby! I'll bring de boys—!" The doorbell rang. "Dere's the taxi! Come, honey, let's go!"

They both went to the door. She stood on the stoop in the pelting rain and kissed him good-bye.

"It's a poifect night fer de job!" he said, enthusiastically. "Simply poifect!" His wife raised a warning finger.

"I suppose so!" she said. "But remember your promise, now,—dontcha go out without your robbers!"

—Dana L. Cotie.

News Outside the Door

By J. OTIS SWIFT

(in the N. Y. World-Telegram)

White-throated sparrows moving southward bring the romance, mystery and fairy bird music of Canadian wilds to the city suburbs. In the early morning their white bibs are seen at the bird-bath and along the garden walks. Their soft calls have the essence of "bedtime, sleepyhead time" of New England pastures and woodlots where blushing trees are beginning to sing lullabys to seeds and worms dreaming under leaf coverlets in the underbrush. The white-throated sparrow, going north in spring, stops in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, sometimes to call "Peabody, Peabody, sow your wheat," and in Bronx Park to call—

Oh,—!



The parachute joke to end all parachute jokes.

movies.

"The Champ"

THERE is a confirmed belief among movie distributors that a film that makes people cry is a good box-office attraction. With this idea in mind . . . deliberately and with malice aforethought . . . Metro-Goldwyn secured the service of Jackie Cooper, who made all of us snifle in "Skippy," and had Frances Marion write a story in which nothing has been spared the little fellow in order to make him solicit your tears of sympathy.

And don't fool yourself . . . there are scenes in this film that will make you choke up no matter how much you steel yourself against it. This writer admits his susceptibility to the pathos of child actors, and we have no objection to its use on the screen, within reason . . . but we resent the methods used in "The Champ." It is one thing to make an appealing youngster like Jackie do a bit of weeping in order to get you started, but to repeat the dose several times during a film, and then end up by putting a child through such a nerve-wracking scene as the windup of "The Champ" . . . well, there ought to be a law.

As a whole the film is certainly above the average in entertainment. Wallace Beery offers another expert characterization as the prizefighter . . . former heavy-weight champion . . . lost his title through dissipation . . . now a third-rate palooka. Jackie, his son, tries to keep him away from the rum . . . helps him train for his fights . . . takes care of him when he falls off the wagon.

Mother interest is introduced in the form of the fighter's divorced wife (Irene Rich, and not up to her usual maternal form). She wants the child, but Jackie will have none of her, preferring his rough-and-tumble dad. Then, of course, there is the big fight . . . Wallace takes all kinds of punishment to win the purse for his kid. . . . He comes through, but at a great sacrifice . . . followed by the big weeping scene as the picture ends and the lights come on to find the audience drenched in tears—which they try unsuccessfully to hide as they stumble out of the theatre.



Jackie gives a remarkable performance under King Vidor's direction, but if they keep working him at such an emotional pace, he may soon lose his convincing responsiveness and become self conscious.

"Friends and Lovers"

IT isn't often that an actress gets two such bad stories in succession as "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers" . . . but that is what has happened to Lily Damita. "The Woman Between" (reviewed last week) defied the best efforts of this glamorous lady and O. P. Heggie to create anything more than mild interest. "Friends and Lovers" goes one better by frustrating such capable talent as Lily, Adolphe Menjou and Eric Von Stroheim . . . in fact it is so bad that the loge patrons of the Roxy Theatre—usually a decorous group—grumbled aloud when they weren't laughing in the wrong places.

The most interesting element in the picture is Herr Von Stroheim's tongue, which he keeps in his cheek most of the time. It is a smart actor who knows enough to put over little sly gestures and grimaces to let you know that he really doesn't think the situation is as important as it sounds. By his clever clowning Eric manages to save all of his scenes from boredom . . . these being the only ones that are.

Toward the middle of the evening, when things are at a particularly low ebb, Miss Damita appears in her underwear. When Lily in French lingerie can't make a picture seem worthwhile you have some idea how bad the rest of it must be.

The efforts of Frederick Kerr, Laurence Oliver and Hugh Herbert should not go unnoticed. They struggle com-

By HARRY EVANS

mendably. Mr. Oliver, lately in the Noel Coward play, "Private Lives," screens well and has a pleasant speaking voice. He should do well in talkies if he will stop acting so much with his head, which he bobs about almost continually. Mr. Oliver used to do this in his stage work, and may possibly have used it as a deliberate trick. In movie closeups it has the appearance of a peculiar habit.

"Bad Company"

THIS title is a little wrong. It should be, "good company, fair story, bad leading lady."

When Helen Twelvetrees appeared in "Milly," this department expressed enthusiasm for her work. Something must have happened to her between that picture and "A Woman of Experience," because it was a very poor picture. But any actress may look bad in a bad story, so we discounted this film and hoped that in her latest effort she would again reveal the promise she showed in "Milly." She doesn't.

There is, however, one very good performance in "Bad Company." It is presented by Ricardo Cortez, whose gangster characterization adds another successful effort to his recent film work. This racketeer, Gorio, is one of those ambitious, temperamental hoodlums . . . which leads to the usual movie exaggerations and makes Mr. Cortez do a lot more acting than is necessary. But Mr. Cortez, fortunately, has the physical makeup and histrionic equipment to carry a heavy load of dramatics without letting it throw him. The answer is simple. Ricardo has a swell sense of comedy, and if an actor has the intelligence to pocket his importance occasionally and let you laugh at and with him, you will react more readily to his moments when he wants you to take him seriously.

A bit of fatherly advice. Keep away from "Bad Company."

Fredric March, who is making "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has to get up at five o'clock on the mornings they are doing the Hyde scenes, because it takes three hours to make him up for the part. These movie actors certainly have it soft.

**by**

A Comparison of the Culbertson System and the "Official" System

♠ S. 4		S. A-10-9-3
♥ H. K-Q		H. K-Q-J
♦ D. A-Q-9-5-2	or	D. 3-2
♣ C. A-Q-9-6-3		C. A-K-J-2
2 diamonds		2 clubs

Let us take as an illustration the two opposing methods of using the opening Two-Bid, Mr. Lenz's and mine. Mr. Lenz's Two-Bid shows a fairly strong hand (from 3 to 5 honor tricks depending on trump length) and is *not forcing*, that is, partner has an option of passing. Our Two-Bid shows an extremely powerful hand (usually 5½ honor tricks and 5 honor tricks only with a very good trump suit) and is *forcing*, that is, until a game is reached partners must bid or risk a shooting.

And the most I can concede sincerely,
is: Let the better system win.

Our foolish contemporaries



GUEST: *How on earth do we get around the table?*
 HOST: *We don't have to. We go outside and come in through the greenhouse.*
 —*Passing Show.*

LIEUTENANT: What would you do if the appeal came for volunteers?

RECRUIT: I would step aside and let the volunteers pass.
 —*Nebelspalter, Zurich.*

A new Parisian perfume is described as a "faint, far-away fragrance of strange flowers on a tropical breeze." I understand that another firm is to go one better by producing a perfume that can't be smelled at all.

—*Passing Show.*

"Jobson has a keen sense of humor, hasn't he?"

"Rather. A banana peel all by itself will make him laugh."
 —*Boston Transcript.*

A literary critic observes that there are comparatively few bearded novelists. Some novelists are quite content to let their plots wear the whiskers.
 —*The Humorist.*

A scientist says it is the lower part of the face, not the eyes, that gives away one's thoughts. Especially when one opens the lower part of the face.
 —*Arkansas Gazette.*

THE JUDGE: And why do you think I should be lenient with you? Is this your first offense?

THE PRISONER: No, Your Honor; but it's my lawyer's first case.
 —*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Professor Pickering predicts the early discovery of a new planet. We can think of nothing the country needs less at the moment.
 —*New York Evening Sun.*

In the smokeroom of the big hotel the Scot had been boring everyone with tales of the great deeds he had done.

"Well, now," said an Englishman at last, "suppose you tell us something you can't do, and, by jove, I'll undertake to do it myself."

"Thank ye," replied the Scot, "I canna pay ma bill here."
 —*Irish Independent.*

A doctor has written his memoirs. We understand that the publishers had the manuscript deciphered by an experienced druggist.
 —*Answers.*

The discovery of a drug which makes people chatter about their pasts encourages the hope that the medical profession may be on the scent of the cause of autobiography.
 —*Punch.*



"Ah ha, Lady Betty, that made him squeak!"
 —*Bystander.*

confidential guide



Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.

X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.

(Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GRAND HOTEL. *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Last year's big hit and still the best in town.

THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY. *Mansfield.* \$2.50 (X)—An impressive six-scene presentation of a proud old Southern family going all to pieces until a vibrant young beauty steps into the picture and kindles the w.k. flame.

THE LEFT BANK. *Little.* \$3.00 (*)—More disillusionment about the expatriate joys of living in Paris where you can really get something done.

TWO SECONDS. *Ritz.* \$3.00 (*)—All this happens in the mind of a condemned man between the sitting and the shock, as in drowning. A thoroughly dispensable play.

PAYMENT DEFERRED. *Lyceum.* \$3.00 (X)—Superb performance by Charles Laughton in his American debut. Grim story about a man who murders his nephew in the first act and spends the rest of the evening jittering about it. For suspense lovers.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. *Forty-Fourth St.* \$3.00 (*)—To appreciate this one you must be familiar with rural England—including "Concert Parties"—which are troupes of travelling players comparable to the American stock company of twenty-five years ago. One of the characters you are supposed to laugh at heartily is the ham actor with long flowing hair who wears a Windsor tie and quotes the classics.

A CHURCH MOUSE. *Playhouse.* \$3.00 (*)—An adaptation from L. Fodor's Hungarian comedy proving that stenographers are made and not born. Ruth Gordon is charming but it's all old stuff.

LEAN HARVEST. *Forrest.* \$3.00 (*)—Well-staged and superbly played, esp. by Leslie Banks. The sparkling dialogue is rather weighed down by the author's sermon that riches don't bring happiness and neither does poverty and neither does the stork. But for this season it's as good as any and better'n some.

THE SEX FABLE. *Henry Miller's.* \$3.85 (X)—A French comedy involving a great confusion of amours both young and old.

THE GUEST ROOM. *Biltmore.* \$3.00 (*)—About one of those aunts who visits and visits and visits, runs any household, weeps when the bum's rush impends, raises hell generally. The farcical ending seems quite improbable.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA. *Guild.* \$6.00—Eugene O'Neill's trilogy (three plays in one) begins at five of an afternoon and lets out a bit after eleven . . . and worth the trouble. Based on the Greek legend which has it that Agamemnon returned from the Trojan Wars and was slain by his adulterous wife, who in turn was killed by the daughter, Electra, and the son, Orestes. The title, therefore, means that Electra, a tragic figure of revenge, is appropriately garbed when dressed in black. O'Neill brings the characters up to the Civil War and sets

them at each other's throats in a series of episodes in which the incisive dialogue and the fine restraint of the players, presents glorified melodrama. Superlative performances by Alice Brady, Alla Nazimova, Earle Larimore. Efficient supporting cast.

THE ROOF. *Hopkins.* \$4.40 (*)—A Paris hotel . . . three men on holiday . . . two elderly travellers . . . an author, critically ill . . . a musician . . . a dissatisfied wife and her lover keeping a rendezvous . . . and having introduced the characters Producer Arthur Hopkins sets the hotel afire and sends them scurrying to the roof so you can watch their reactions. The build-up of the situation is more interesting than the climax. Good cast well directed. Superb performance by Edouard La Roche.

WONDER BOY. *Alvin.* \$3.00 (*)—A smack at Hollywood that is a mixture of "Merton of the Movies" and "Once in a Lifetime." The first act is delightful showmanship. The second is weak, but they do say it has been greatly improved since the opening night. Recommended to everybody who has a grievance of any sort against the movies.



THE SOCIAL REGISTER. *Fulton.* \$3.00—The story about the society boy who loves the show girl. Lenore Ulrich, as the chorine, scares up some fun crashing Park Avenue. The other principal is Sidney Blackmer who deserted the films to rejoin his former stage-mate. Familiar story brightened by the writing of John Emerson and Anita Loos.

PETER FLIES HIGH. *Gaiety.* \$3.00 (*)—And goes into a tailspin. They had to rid the Gaiety of movies to install this comedy. You can expect the movies back almost any day now.

HOT MONEY. *Cohan.* \$3.00 (*)—Producer James Elliott turns autobiographical and tells all about the promoter and his wildcat wares. Go and laugh at what you used to fall for back in '29. Expertly written and well performed.

MUSICAL

THE BAND WAGON. *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years.

EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *Carroll.* \$3.00. Mats. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.—Mr. Carroll's unusual sense of beauty—Will Mahoney's unusual sense of comedy and some unusually lovely girls used as a background for some unusually low humor.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo.* \$5.50 (*)—The first act is marvelous. The second falls to pieces but will probably be fixed up. Catchy tunes by Brown and Henderson—dramatic singing by Everett Marshall that makes the customers hysterical—swell shouting by Ethel Merman—sweet crooning by Rudy Vallée—dozens of laughs by Willie Howard (what a showman)—Ray Bolger's dancing and plenty of beautiful gals.

EVERYBODY'S WELCOME. *Shubert.* \$3.00 (*)—Just so-so, but even with the uneven material, Frances Williams, Harriett Lake, Jack Sheehan, Oscar Shaw and Ann Pennington show how good they might be. And a hand for Thomas Harty's eccentric dancing.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE. *Globe.* (*)—Lovers of operettas will find Jerome Kern's music as charming as anything they have heard in many seasons. Excellent performances by Bettina Hall, Georges Metaxa, Eddie Foy, Jr., Dorothy Carson, George Meader, Odette Myrtil, Lawrence Grossmith and Jose Reuben.

CHAUVE-SOURIS. *Ambassador.* \$3.00 (X)—There are three acts. One is entirely in pantomime; another is a French court scene sung in French; and the other is pretty good. A feature of the show is a curtain done by the artist, Garde, caricaturing practically every Broadway celebrity. It is so interesting that you rather regret it being raised.

THE LAUGH PARADE. *Imperial.* \$4.40 (*)—Ed Wynn at his best. If you need to be told more, don't go.

MOVIES

THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET. *Metro.*—If you are interested enough in the movies to read this comment you cannot afford to miss the performance Helen Hayes offers in this film. It is one of the finest things that has ever been done in the talkies. Yes.

PLATINUM BLONDE. *First National.*—Grand fun. Full of surprise giggles. Distinguished by Robert Williams' performance and Frank Capra's direction. Yes.

THE WOMAN BETWEEN. *RKO.*—The dynamic Lily Damita returns to the talkies in an anaemic story that turns her voltage down. Even O. P. Heggie gives a poor performance, which is a new low. . . . Also the fault of the story. No.

SUSAN LENOX. *Metro.*—Greta Garbo and Clark Gable . . . what a team . . . in fact You never meta, betta, greater Greta, Than Greta when she gets to Garbo-Gableing.

The most convincing romancing La Garbo has done since the old days of her torrid, silent scenes with John Gilbert. Yes.

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME. *Universal.*—A tribute to Knute Rockne that you will enjoy whether or not you understand the technicalities of football. Lots of laughs and a few real tears. Yes.

THE AMERICAN GOLFER

can help you build a sound reliable game



In this illustration from the pages of *The American Golfer*, Tommy Armour demonstrates some important points of successful iron play. Notice that his hips shift to the right with only a slight pivot . . . also his closed stance. The top arrow calls attention to the shoulders at almost a right angle to the line of play. The center one shows the shift of the hips to the right. The bottom one shows the bent, relaxed left knee.

The pictorial demonstration (on this page) of Tommy Armour's masterful iron play is typical of the "easy-to-follow" instruction brought to you in every issue. Test it out for yourself. All you need is a mirror and space to swing a club. Five minutes of such practical

study of Armour's style may show you how to correct faults that have cost you hundreds of strokes and hours of discouragement.

The fun of golf increases surprisingly as you gain the steady control that cuts down the waste of exasperating tops and hooks and slices. We can't all be Tommy Armours and Billy Burkes. But anyone can build a sound reliable game by learning the secrets of their methods as they are clearly and simply presented in *The American Golfer*.

The *American Golfer's* instruction covers every angle of golfing form—from stance to follow-through and from driver to putter. In expert photography and text, Tommy Armour, Bobby Jones, Grantland Rice, Billy Burke, and many others bring you, for a few cents a month, a wealth of practical coaching that couldn't be bought in any other way for any amount of money. Glenna Collett Vare, Helen Hicks, and women golfers of their caliber also contribute excellent articles which are helpful to golfers of both sexes.

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Squibb's contains no grit, no astringent, nothing that can possibly injure tooth-enamel or the delicate tissues of your gums. It is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia. That's why it cleans so beautifully—why it's so refreshing to jaded mouths. A special refining process makes Squibb Milk of Magnesia smooth, pure and pleasant-tasting.

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Solution of November 20 Crossword Puzzle

PIVOT	SALIC	SHORT
ADORE	PLATE	HONOR
WILES	IMPEL	OPINE
NOG	TARA	REAP
STAG	DEN	ARM
OF	SALTY	EN
COLLAR	CUE	FAIRER
ALADDIN	N	BANDORE
PIT	SOLACED	VAN
EVICTED	T	DEAREST
RENEWS	EID	SCORES
LO	FACET	TO
PALL	ALL	CAP
ALE	ARIL	ELAN
RIVER	NODAL	INANE
INERT	GOOSE	PUREE
SEERS	SNEER	STEEL

OLD GENT (looking round submarine): And doesn't that gun get wet when you submerge?

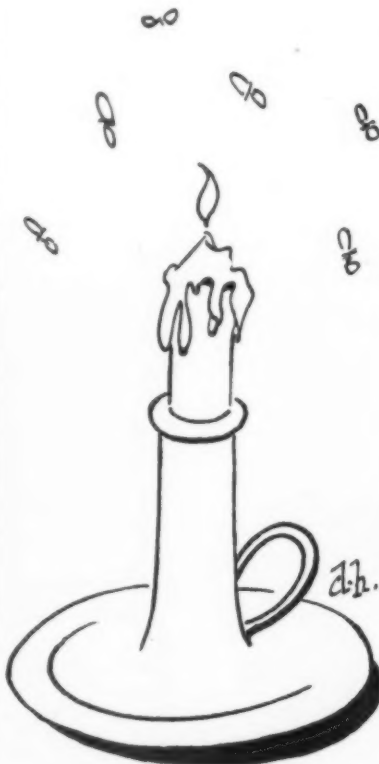
SAILOR: Oh, no, sir, when we submerge, one of the sailors holds an umbrella over it.

—Passing Show.

Women's feet have increased in size during the last ten years, according to a Los Angeles doctor. Presumably through trying to fill men's shoes.

—Passing Show.

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.



"Thank goodness they've abandoned the new moth ball."

271 people did NOT hear COON-SANDERS last Saturday



Alas, these poor unfortunates...16 jumped off bridges, 8 threw themselves in front of taxis, while 133 went all the way home and listened to Coon-Sanders over the radio. * But all is not lost. In the Terrace Restaurant, the Nighthawks are dishing up their special kind of music every night except Sunday. What music! What food! What fun! And what low prices! See YOU tonight? (\$1 couvert, \$2 on Saturdays and holidays).

HOTEL NEW YORKER
34th Street at 8th Avenue, New York
RALPH HITZ, MANAGING DIRECTOR

"My motto is 'Think before you speak.'"
"You must find it very difficult to carry on a conversation."
—Tit-Bits.

HOTELS of DISTINCTION

The
PLAZA
NEW YORK

FRED STERRY, Pres.
JOHN D. OWEN, Mgr.

The
SAVOY-PLAZA
NEW YORK

HENRY A. ROST, Pres.

The
COPLEY-PLAZA
BOSTON

ARTHUR L. RACE
Managing Director

Anagrams

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *elbow* with an *r* and get a wind maker.

(2) Scramble *tramp* with an *i* and get "to tell."

(3) Scramble *curtain* with a *t* and get silent.

(4) Scramble *glares* with an *s* and get money to throw away.

(5) Scramble *linnets* with an *e* and get a night watchman.

(Answers on page 29)

SMITH: I'm not thin-skinned. I'm the first to laugh at my own foolishness.

SMART: What a merry life you must lead.

—Montreal Star.

It is dangerous, says one of the scientists of the Chicago health department, to breathe too much fresh air. Thus we are confirmed and strengthened in our purpose to become a big, healthy, indoor man.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"I just congratulated Dr. Brown on marrying one of his patients, and he seemed quite annoyed."

"That isn't Dr. Brown, you idiot. That's Dr. Smith, the lunacy expert."

—Tit-Bits.



"Hey! Where are you guys bound for—the Bank of United States?"

It's HIS JOB to dig up IDEAS

... Here he tells how he does it

EVERY once in a while some pipe smoker becomes so filled with the joy of pipe smoking that he just feels he has to write and tell us about it. And every once in a while one of these letters is so good we just have to print it so our friends can see it too.

The letter below from E. V. Willey of Tulsa, Oklahoma, to our advertising man is one of that kind:

Dear Sir:

"As one advertising man to another I know the value of testimonials, especially if they come unsolicited. Right here I want to say that Edgeworth is a good tobacco; in fact, I think it's the best on the market.

"No one values a good smoke as much as the advertising man who must scratch his head and dig up ideas. It's mighty nice to be able to reach for the pipe and the blue tin of Edgeworth, fill the bowl, take a few puffs of your favorite tobacco and then go ahead.

"One day one of my friends on the golf links asked me for some tobacco. After he took a good puff of the Edgeworth I gave

him he said, 'Say! You smoke good tobacco, don't you?'

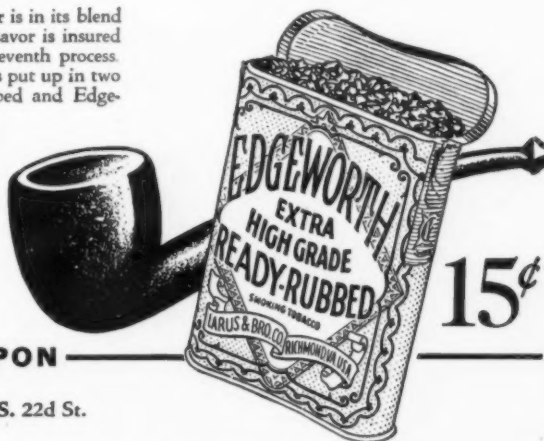
"I felt complimented and I know you will too."

We do feel complimented, Mr. Willey. And we're certainly happy that you took the time to write us such a nice letter.

Almost every man who tries Edgeworth likes this fine old smoke. Won't you consider this a personal invitation to try a tin of Edgeworth yourself? It has proved to be the real pleasure smoke for many, many others. Perhaps it will give you that same cooling, comforting solace which has won so many other men.

Edgeworth is at your dealer's. Or, if you wish to try before you buy, clip the coupon below for a special sample packet of Edgeworth, free. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Virginia.

The secret of Edgeworth's flavor is in its blend of fine old burleys. Its natural savor is insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. For the pleasure of smokers it is put up in two forms: Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Sold by dealers nearly everywhere. If your dealer will not supply you, send your order to the makers, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia. Pocket Size Tin, 15¢. Half-pound Tin, 75¢. Pound Humidor Tin, \$1.50. Also packed in Vacuum Tins in pound and half-pound sizes.



CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a good pipe.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____ L-90

LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN
THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING



Advertisers Get a Mass of Class in the Fifth Avenue Buses

60,000,000 passengers rode in the Fifth Avenue buses last year. 40,000,000 of them rode inside downstairs where the advertising cards are displayed. Bus passengers pay a ten cent fare for a clean, seated ride. No one is allowed to stand.

The Fifth Avenue buses carry passengers from their homes in the finest residential districts to the great retail shopping centers.

Remind these passengers of your goods right at the time they are out of their homes and on the way to shop.

'Phone or write for information.

Agency commission 15%—Cash discount 2%.

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.
425 Fifth Ave., New York City
CAledonia 5-2151

Solution of November 13 Bridge Problem

♠ — —											
♥ A-Q-4-3											
♦ K-8-4-2											
♣ K-Q-9-7-2											
♠ J-9-8-6-3	<table><tr><td></td><td>N</td><td></td></tr><tr><td>W</td><td></td><td>E</td></tr><tr><td></td><td>S</td><td></td></tr></table>		N		W		E		S		♠ K-7-5
	N										
W		E									
	S										
♥ 10-9-6-5		♥ J-8-7									
♦ Q		♦ A-J-6-5									
♣ J-5-3		♣ 8-6-4									
♠ A-Q-10-4-2											
♥ K-2											
♦ 10-9-7-3											
♣ A-10											

South plays the hand at clubs and must make a small slam against any defence. West opens with the three of clubs. The feat is accomplished as follows, the underscored cards being the winners of the trick, the card immediately below being the one led to the next trick:

West	North	East	South
1 ♣ 3	♣ 2	♣ 4	♣ 10
2 ♠ 3	♦ 2	♠ 5	♠ A
3 ♠ 6	♣ 7	♠ 7	♠ 2
4 ♥ 5	♥ 3	♥ 7	♥ K
5 ♥ 6	♥ Q	♥ 8	♥ 2
6 ♥ 9	♥ 4	♥ J	♣ A
7 ♠ 8	♣ 9	♠ K	♠ 4
8 ♣ 5	♣ K	♣ 6	♦ 3
9 ♣ J	♣ Q	♣ 8	♦ 7
10 ♥ 10	♥ A	♦ 5	♦ 9
11 ♦ Q	♦ 4	♦ 6	♦ 10
12 ♠ 9	♦ 8	♦ J	♠ 10
13 ♠ J	♦ K	♦ A	♠ Q
OR			
11 ♦ Q	♦ 4	♦ A	♦ 10
12 ♠ 9	♦ 8	♦ 6	♠ 10
13 ♠ J	♦ K	♦ J	♠ Q



"Migosh—come to think of it I went in there to sell that guy some insurance!"



"Fish are not very communicative," says a nature student. Anglers will have noticed this.
—Punch.



LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR for 1932

Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution and increasingly in demand. It makes a most attractive gift for all who love dogs. Most people do. Anyway

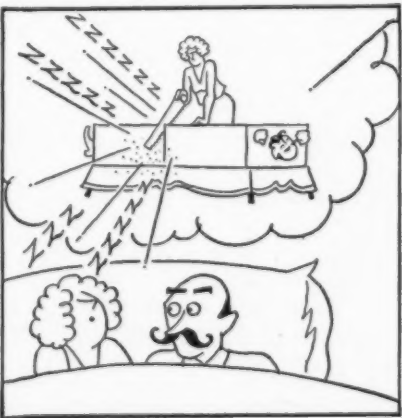
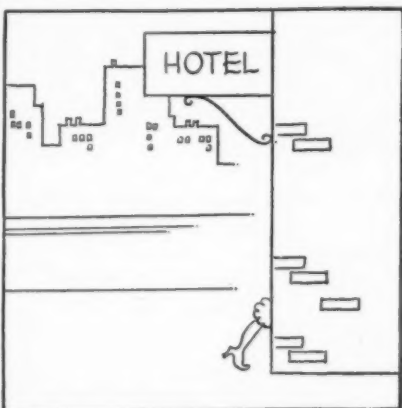
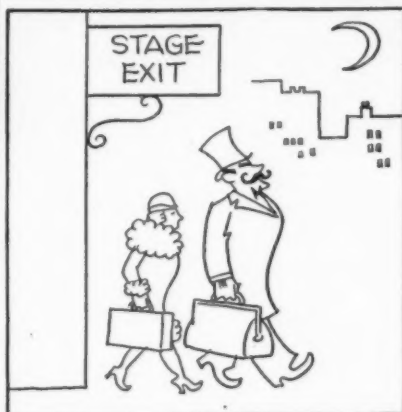
Everybody loves LIFE'S DOGS.

6 sheets in colors. Price ONE DOLLAR. You will want one for yourself, of course, and *some more* to send for Christmas gifts!

Don't Miss It This Year!

Better order now as edition is limited. Copies will be mailed promptly.

LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York
Here is dollars. Mail calendars to



Answers to Anagrams (on page 27)

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| (1) Blower. | (4) Largess. |
| (2) Impart. | (5) Sentinel. |
| (3) Taciturn. | |



Only a handkerchief

BUT it was no joking matter to the bride. Someone had stepped on her "going away" handkerchief. The rare little bit of handed-down lace was crumpled and soiled. And it had to be washed with infinite care. Could we? We could and did.

We rather pride ourselves on our ability to take care of our guests. You'll find it reflected in rooms that have closets big enough to hold *all* your clothes—in *every* appointment which a hotel worthy of the name provides. But what you'll be sure to notice is a spirit of *extra* service, in all the little things which United Hotel employees are taught to take the time to do well!

Extra service at these 25 UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY's only United . . . The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH. The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS. The Bancroft
NEWARK, N. J. The Robert Treat
PATerson, N. J. The Alexander Hamilton
TRENTON, N. J. The Stacy-Trent
HARRISBURG, PA. The Penn-Harris
ALBANY, N. Y. The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y. The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y. The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y. The Niagara
ERIE, PA. The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO The Portage
FLINT, MICH. The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO. The President
TUCSON, ARIZ. El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA. The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA. The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT. The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT. The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I. . . . The Constant Spring



Hotel Lierie

FIFTH AVENUE
AT SIXTY-FIRST STREET
NEW YORK

Single Rooms
and Suites

for
Transient or Extended
Visits

A Famous Restaurant

CHARLES PIERRE
President and Managing Director

"Do you work for a large firm?"
"Large? Why, say—it takes fourteen
days for a joke to get back to the boss."
—Das Illustrierte Blatt.

Atlantic City

Noted for its accessibility—mildness of
climate—opportunity for outdoor sports
and indoor entertainment and the



Claridge

assurance of club-
like, restful enjoy-
ment. Rates moder-
ate. An hotel of dis-
tinctive elegance;
unusually complete
in all appoint-
ments. Sea water in
all baths.

Food service a-la-carte

Prices:

\$5. daily single
\$30. weekly
\$7. daily double
\$42. weekly

Roscoe J. Tompkins
Manager

For many years of
The Blackstone, Chicago

Claridge
BEACHFRONT-INDIANA
AVENUE TO PARK PLACE

"A Bird in the Hand"

(Continued from page 5)

"New set?" repeats the missus.

"My new set of china," explains La Delaney. "It came from Dresden."

"Wonderful the way those Germans are flooding the world with their manufactured stuff," says Phil.

"It is," I agrees, "but it's Russia we'll have to watch. They can sell without profit—"

"Seems like we can, too," grunts Delaney. "Farrell of the Steel Trust's quoted as—"

"The steel business is bad," I admits, "but once they get to building again—"

"In our building," remarks Alice, "they've cut down the rents over twenty percent, but Madge Oliphant got even a bigger reduction."

"That gal," says I, "is entitled to a bigger reduction. She must weigh over a hundred pounds with her hair in a braid."

"You wouldn't believe it," declares Flora, "but she's gone and bobbed her hair."

"I thought bobbing was out," comes back Delaney. "I'll bet Bill Oliphant threw a fit."

"He's too busy down at the bank nowadays," says I, "even to take time out for a fit."

"The bank's supposed to be shaky, isn't it?" asks Phil.

"I don't think so," I returns, "but I hear that the Glue Makers National is in a bad way. Harry Akins was telling me—"

"Don't believe him," suggests Delaney. "I wouldn't believe that tightwad—"

"I didn't know he was tight," oars in the missus.

"Tight!" exclaims Phil. "That guy's so tight he wouldn't throw his mother a drink of water if she was drowning."

"Water!" repeats Alice. "What good would that do her?"

"You always get thirsty when you're drowning," I explains. "Thirst is one of the most striking symptoms."

"I once saw a man nearly drown," retails Mrs. Delaney. "It was down at Deal Beach—"

"Deal, eh?" remarks her husband.

"Which reminds me. How about a little bridge?"

(Having thus thoroughly demonstrated that when it comes to the two-command bid there is a great deal to be said on neither side of the question, we follow the Fenagles to further fields of adventure next week. Don't miss it!)

VIRGINIA INN

ON LAKE OSCEOLA
In Florida's Most Beautiful Small City
WINTER PARK

American Plan.

Weekly rates, \$49 to \$70 per person.

Table and Service Excellent.

Every room steam heated.

Putting course on grounds.

Excellent 18-Hole Golf Course.

Open December to April

JOHN J. HENNESSY, Mgr. Dir.
Summer Season:
Ocean House, Watch Hill, R. I.

A couple of dwarfs, father and son, were with a carnival company here, and it seems there was a bit of professional jealousy.

"Dad thinks he is some dwarf," the son told a reporter, "but just wait until I get grown and I'll show you a dwarf that is a dwarf."

—Kansas City Star.



1



2

The
Madison
Hotel and Restaurant

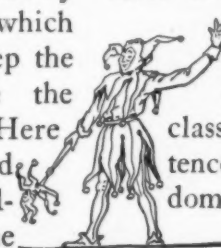
MADISON AVENUE
AT FIFTY EIGHT STREET
NEW YORK CITY

CABLE ADDRESS
"MADISOTEL"

BERTRAM WEAL
MANAGING DIRECTOR

keen satire, the sparkling wit, the profound wisdom, which have helped to make the world wise.

It is without exception the most complete, authoritative, attractive, interesting and useful collection of brilliant and classic literature in existence—the best wit, wisdom and satire in our language.



A whole new edition, beautifully bound and printed, has been made and reserved for new and old friends of the Review of Reviews and the Golden Book. These are real books bound in handsome red cloth, portrait frontispiece in each, 300 pages, good paper—the kind of books you will be proud to place on your bookshelf. This set is yours absolutely free with a three-year subscription to the magazine, at a special reduced price. And, what is more, this may be paid for in small monthly instalments if more convenient. This is your special opportunity to become a subscriber, or if you are already one, this offer is good on an extension of your subscription. Or why not send Review of Reviews or Golden Book to a friend as a gift? Everyone needs a reliable news magazine these days—and this first-class story magazine.

Your Choice

Review of Reviews

You would be a well-read person if you never read anything but *The Golden Book*. Even though the literature can offer is contained within its pages, Editors whose wide familiarity with the literature of the world fits them for the task, choose the bits of humor, the philosophy, short stories, and novels, poems, biographies, and contemporary comments that make *The Golden Book* the best magazine of its kind to exist. There is never any talk of commonplaces in *The Golden Book*. Among its contributors are the most highly-esteemed writers of all times. Its subject matter is truly cosmopolitan. You will mark yourself as a well-read person if you read *The Golden Book* among the magazines which you read regularly.

You get the essential news quickly and accurately, intimately and in satisfying doses in this monthly news magazine. Not only do you miss nothing but you are told what it is all about by men who speak with authority. The gossip is omitted, the facts are made plain. You are informed by men who are little better than omniscient, informed from their neighbors and competitors. National affairs, political trends, social problems, foreign relations, business, finance, education, science, travel, sports, and the arts are all covered. You get the authoritative sources by experts—the outstanding articles from other magazines condensed so that you have many magazines in one. This news magazine is like a man who knows everything and is not tiresome about telling it.

FREE TRIAL

Pay for the Magazine only on EasyTerms

9 free volumes will be sent to you for 10 days' examination without cost. Then if you are pleased the special three year subscription price may be paid in instalments of \$1.00 each. Otherwise, return the books in 10 days at our expense.

Review of Reviews Corp., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City

LI 11-27

Send me the 9-volume gift set of WIT AND HUMOR and enter my name for a three-year subscription to the Review of Reviews. After 10 days, if pleased, I will send you \$1 a month for only 8 months. Otherwise, I will return the books at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(If you prefer send one payment of \$7.00)

Check magazine desired: ☐ Golden Book ☐ Review of Reviews

after the
turkey....



...these
**DELICIOUS
CHOCOLATES**

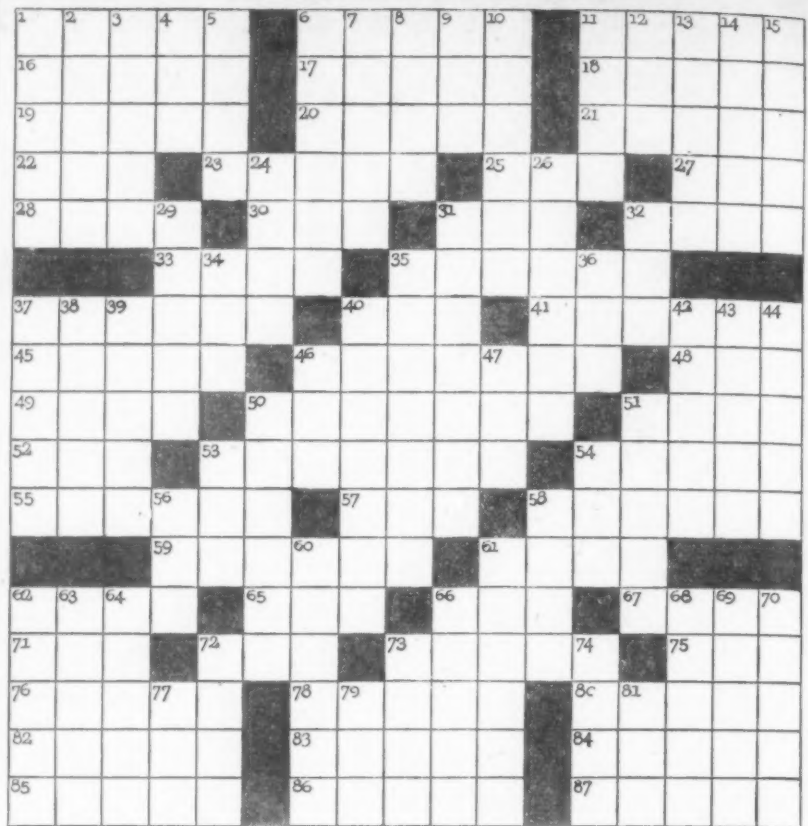
When afternoon comes, put the edge back on your Thanksgiving appetite with Artstyle chocolates from the Art-Full Assortment.

What an assortment this is! Crisp walnuts and filberts and almonds. Tempting combination pieces. Nine different kinds of cream centers: black walnut, chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, coffee, marshmallow, maple, coconut and raisin fig. And every piece hand-dipped in rich, pure chocolate!

The Art-Full Assortment is sealed in Cellophane to preserve flavor and freshness. Ask for it at your Rexall Drug Store. Liggett and Owl Stores are Rexall Stores too.



LIFE'S Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. This is the fair haired boy.
6. Old English coin.
11. A violent twist.
16. Not so well known.
17. A layer.
18. The great artery.
19. The way to make both ends meet.
20. Tear jerker.
21. Substitute for a seat.
22. Food preserver.
23. Interlaced.
25. A small drink.
27. Fertile ground.
28. Act effectively.
30. Refreshment.
31. Enter slightly into.
32. Raised.
33. Tailless monkeys.
35. Spanish money.
37. Where the airplane is safe.
40. English tavern (Slang).
41. A trumpet much like Gabriel's.
45. A stranger.
46. Camel train in the desert.
48. A number.
49. So. African farmer.
50. Acting with prudence rather than principle.
51. Ecclesiastical court.
52. Incorporated, abbr.
53. Expands in all directions.
54. These were stolen at the ball game.
55. This has its ups and downs.
57. This is no gentleman.
58. Well known rider.
59. A state of bliss.
61. Musical instrument.
62. No place for the country gentleman.
65. Common contraction.
66. The advance guard.
67. This lets one down.
71. American humorist.
72. A degree in rank.
73. This is often a slogan.
75. South American tuber.
76. Quotation from the Bible.
78. The picture of father.
80. Mush.
82. Painter's stand.
83. A water-lily.
84. Like a king.
85. Snow and rain.
86. Melodious.
87. Lovely gardens.

DOWN

1. Spread abroad.
2. Cut open.
3. Overhanging window.
4. Profit.
5. Took money from the bank.
6. These are all fingers and thumbs.
7. Freshen.
8. Chief of the Norse gods.
9. Gone.
10. Ball game.
11. A social insect.
12. Nonsensical talk.
13. A flaw.
14. A fixed look.
15. Bound with a narrow band.
24. German river.
26. Bad medicine.
29. Outlawed drink.
31. Argued formally.
32. Keep out.
34. Greek god.
35. A Pilgrim father.
36. A weight.
37. Just a matter of routine.
38. By himself.
39. Near relative.
40. Grand houses.
42. The cowboy's catch-all.
43. To appear on the stage.
44. A plague.
46. A gap in a ridge.
47. Potency.
50. Literary thief.
51. Stormed.
53. River in Scotland.
54. Wager.
56. Pronoun.
58. What a little man.
60. Watches.
61. The newest gossip.
62. Falls in.
63. Just perfect.
64. Elegantly concise.
66. The latest fashion.
68. This brings a blush to a maiden's cheek.
69. To come across this is sometimes upsetting.
70. Bores.
72. Hide.
73. Ship's Officer.
74. A bogey-man.
77. Understand.
79. Cut down.
81. A color.

Healthful tropic
sunshine — Ha-
waiian cane sugar



A real world trav-
eler — Hawaii's
golden Pineapple



Coast down the white crest of Waikiki's surf-*this winter!*

Waikiki! A soft breeze sways the coco palms above you, and shakes a crimson carpet from the royal flame tree. Idly you watch a slim outrigger speed in on a foaming roller. The native beach boys clowning in the water. Those nice looking girls that were on the boat coming over. They're five shades darker now. A great ship noses out to sea . . . to the South Seas? What does it matter? A *don't care* laziness steals over you.

Hawaii's lure. It haunts you. First on board ship, as you neared the magic isles . . . then, when you lived its beauty and its song. Too soon it must go home with you. But that's the finest

thing of all—it will go with you . . . yours to live with and smile with, always. Of Hawaii, Mark Twain said, "Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing . . . in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

Come this winter! There are no seasons in Hawaii. Winter rages . . . somewhere else. There's so little variation throughout the year that the native language has never found need for a word similar to "weather." Come and enjoy the sports you like best,

in strange settings. You'll find a new relaxation and you'll find a *new self*.

Luxurious hotels edge coral sand. Modest cottages and inns hide beneath shady palms.

An Inexpensive Trip

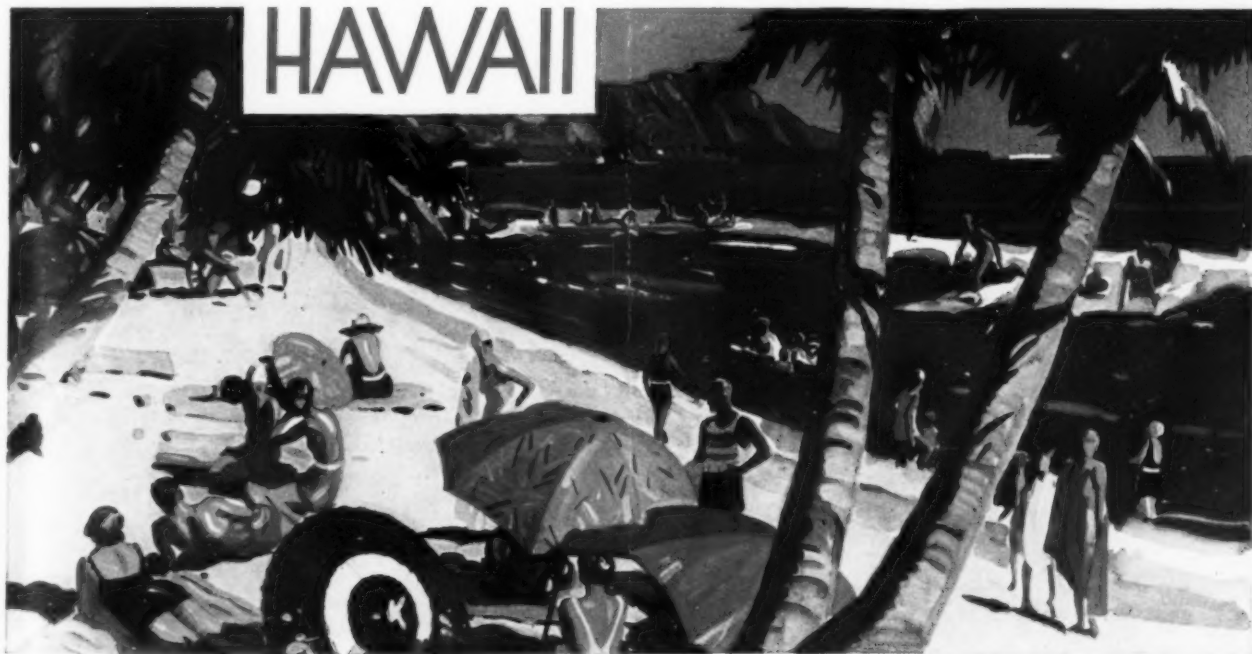
A trip to Hawaii need not be expensive. A roundtrip from the Pacific Coast, including all expense afloat and ashore can be made for less than \$350, some lower than \$300.

The Hawaii Tourist Bureau will, upon request, mail you *FREE*, authoritative information about the islands—costs, what to see and do, etc.

For a special book on Hawaii, profusely illustrated in full color, with picture maps, enclose 10c in coin or stamps to defray handling charges.



HAWAII



H A W A I I T O U R I S T B U R E A U

(OF HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)

225-B BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO or 1151-B SO. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

MATSON Line from SAN FRANCISCO

215 Market Street, San Francisco
730 So. Broadway, Los Angeles
535 Fifth Avenue, New York

814 Second Avenue, Seattle
140 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago
271 Pine Street, Portland, Ore.

LASSCO Line from LOS ANGELES

730 So. Broadway, Los Angeles
685 Market Street, San Francisco
213 East Broadway, San Diego

140 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago
535 Fifth Avenue, New York
412 Thomas Building, Dallas

ANY TRAVEL AGENT WILL GIVE YOU FULL PARTICULARS



Something to be thankful for

FOR that cool, mild, throat-friendly enjoyment you get from Camels you can thank the Camel blend and the Camel Humidor Pack.

Of course there had to be the goodness of good tobaccos to start with—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended.

There had to be, too, freedom from the peppery dust that ordinarily is found in tobaccos—a special vacuum process took care of that.

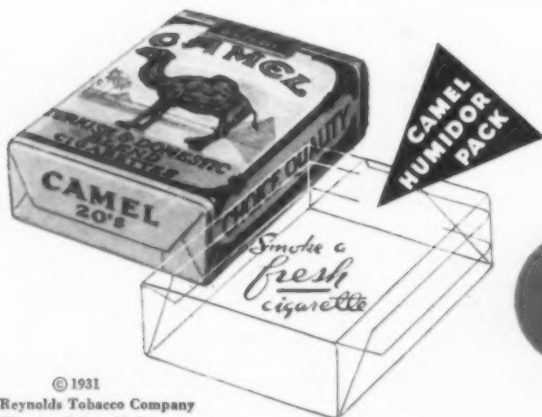
The problem was, to get *all* the aroma and

fragrance of Camels to you, *factory-fresh*, if you were to know what a joy a fine cigarette kept in prime smoking condition can be.

That's just what the Camel Humidor Pack does—it delivers you perfectly conditioned mild Camels no matter where or when you buy them.

Just try Camels—see how your throat registers its thanksgiving for the unalloyed pleasure of fine cigarettes *kept fine*!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons—Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System—every night except Sunday



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

Mild... NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

© 1931
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

